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Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



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INDEX ON PAGE 5

ADV. INDEX ON PAGE 178



"Dad Do It Best" Illustration by H. W. H. H.

Things you can count on... Through storms and troubles, in good times and bad, Kaywoodie Pipe have been the friends and constant companions of many thousands of Americans. You have taken Kaywoodie with you through several wars, and several generations. We believe it will be a tradition, then, to leave you can continue to depend on Kaywoodie's good smoking qualities. Kaywoodie Pipe remains the same. There is, after all, nothing that equals the true smoking wind. There has been no change in our hand-worked finishing of it. No change in the long, slow process of seasoning, softening and drying it, which takes years, and requires extensive tests of the raw pipe. No speed up at making these pipes, to satisfy the ever increasing demand in a time of scarcity.

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November, 1942

2

Baby that suit, mister!

With the latars for raw materials leaning definitely to the short side, it behooves every man to take as good care of his clothes as possible

by HART SCHAFFNER & MARX



To relax and spring back into shape. And this will save you plenty on pressing, too, for actually if you give your suit a 24- or 48-hour rest, it won't lose a lot of ground when you get it pressed.



2. The brush all. It's one thing you, yourself, can give your shirt or jacket. Brushing removes greasy film particles... a habit is very important. If possible, take the suit outdoors for its airing and thorough brushing. Get the brush deep into seams and cuffs (if you talk over trousers with them, only one place of stress given).



3. For pressing equipment. If your suits are pressed at home, be sure to use a sharp cloth between the fabric and the iron in order to prevent shine. A hot iron can cause harm when applied directly to any wool material.



3. Out, demand spot! Mr. Shaker says didn't get a better cleaning habit. So do. Let after every spot quickly... the longer it is, the harder it is to get out. Since there's not ground when all spots are removed, because the spot is likely to develop under heat into a permanent stain.

(Illustration)



6. Airline dress's pop. A dust-filled atmosphere will quickly become dark particles cut the suit line. Remove a good number... "thing" showing easily outside the dirt, and cause stains and discomfort. Warning: Don't allow a suit to touch. The frequent shaking will make any lines less so. Dry and fold.



7. A velvet in time is really worth time. A rip or a pocket means that a capitalist will eventually mean his change. If a stain appears in the lining, it will quickly dry out. About as easy... while the suit, break it, or view place is made.



8. Put 'em away clean. When putting garments away for the season (summer suits for the winter, etc.), they should be clean. Dry cleaning will not only take out stains, which attract perspiration, but it also removes acids and any from which garments may be stained at the time.

Ask for **FREE** book

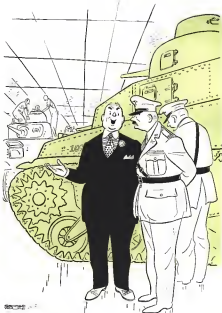
The more clean on the page not only a lot of the more time you will find in our new booklet, "How To Make Your Clothes Last Longer." Ask your Hart-Schaffner & Marx dealer for your copy.

The Red Can-Can

The Nazi Colonel said if Marya were true to Finland she would expose the Reds and besides there were ways to make her talk.

by DAN STEELE

• FICTION •



"Now, this model comes in Autumn Rose, Rusty Sepia and Chertreuse!"

That deaf Captain asserted. "This woman has picked up by our patrol on the Kannonen. Her mission. We have examined the village, as you ordered, and it is known that she slipped out after we arrived. She is the only one who could have secured information of our troop movements in the Red hands that strangled our column."

"Very good, Captain," said the Nazi Colonel. To the girl standing before him, he said: "What is your name?"

"Marya Kana."

"How you a Finnish?"

"I am a sister of Finland."

"What were you doing in Russia?"

"I went to visit a friend, she was ill."

"You have friends among the Bolsheviks? You confess yourself, Finnish. Who is this friend?"

"Will you tell me, please, by what right I have been seized by German soldiers?"

"Idiot! You forget that you are accused of espionage."

"But we are all citizens of Germany."

"The Captain charged her lies. Are you deaf?" he shouted.

"You speak, Finnish," the Colonel said to her. "The military regulations of Finland and Germany are clearly understood. The opposition here are with Finnish sections. Now then—who was this friend?"

"A girl with whom I went to school."

"A Russian girl?"

"She was born in Finland. I taught her in Lankka."

"Then what is she doing in Russia?"

"She married an American who was working there before the war."

"He is a filthy American," the Captain exclaimed emphatically. "This is a reminder of those years. He brought with him a disease."

"Dreadful for Americans," demanded the Colonel.

"He is a middle-aged, stout, heavy-set, and also-shaven. His hair is black. He wears glasses."

"There's a lie!" the Captain interrupted. "He is not even stout, and is tall and thin. He has red hair, and when last seen affected a beard, to make himself the more like those Russian dogs."

"There must be more than one American. And now, Finnish," said Marya quietly. "Where does he live? Where did you capture the Colonel?"

"I went to Majorsville—a village in the Kanto Lankka district."

"The Captain charged her again. 'That's another lie! You were in Majorsville, and Majorsville is a part of those Reds. Do you keep you were there?'"

"Why should I? One proves that way in making the trip. You stay with their folk."

"Where did you leave him?" the Colonel continued.

"On the last month, only in the morning. It was not known then that night was coming. I saw it I have told the Captain."

"You left him in the morning," the Captain said. "Nonsense could have told them."

"You have proof of that?" the Colonel asked.

"Yes, sir. A man named Ed Rydell, who I have seen since he left, remembers talking to her about the men killed with him."

"That girl must have been with you, and her memory is good. Could you find no one in Lankka willing to do so?"

"The Captain seized his hand."

"What? This Colonel charged him. 'Do you live alone?' he asked. Marya then looked at him."

"No, I live with my brother."

"Where is he?" asked the Captain.

"No, sir. He must be away, too."

"My brother works on the railroad. It is a distant line."

"Where is he now?"

"I don't know. He may be on the line south of here—or he may have been transferred while I was away."

"You will look him up, Captain, and have him brought here."

"What is your occupation?"

"I am a school teacher, although at present I have no class."

"The Colonel said that as she class, and looked markedly at Marya. He charged the line of her right eye, and passed his finger there. He glanced away and stared out the window. Finally he stepped forward and laid his hands on her shoulders, and forced her with a hard smile."

"You are a pretty girl," he said. "We would prefer to be honest with you. But because as a sister, because of her life, we are sorry you would do a deed, to prevent her being disgraced. If you had not seen a woman after we had used this 'poisonous' you would not waste our time."

"Speak up!" the Captain barked.

"I have told you the truth. There is nothing more I can tell you."

"The Colonel took another step forward. "If you are loyal to Finland, it is your duty to help us stamp out these parasites that are selling and plotting along the border. You have some rights, however they are, surely you have some conscience about their activities. Come now, where do they meet? How many are there?"

"Do you think, Colonel, that they would reveal such information to a girl from the north?"

"Come if you think you will, because you're one of them. I'll give you twenty-five hours to refresh your memory. You know. Come on at once, you're late!"



"Shoot the dog, for, there's a dog!"

Celestial Touchdowns

Grid stars have a long lead in the valor and co-ordination needed to win the vitally important air game

by AVIATION CADET TOM HARMON

(CONTINUED)

Warrior, in the smoky, jet-stream shadowing, long-riding shadows, you left the redskins' airplanes, from only to take. You are anxious to go. You feel it is a hurry. That's the way you feel now you're draped as your helmet which covers all your face except your eyes and nose. Inside the helmet are cushions and a white aluminum duct tape which you can talk like a microphone. With these instruments we can communicate with one another, and in this way the squadron leader gives his orders when in formation. Also pilots can warn their mates when they see an enemy on their tail.

Where are all the others? What are they waiting for? You glance down at your controls, you feel over the various coils, check the hydraulic head-locks of the hydraulic leader present in the many instruments on the panel. Then you push open the throttle, the cone runs until it pulls the little compartment closed, drawing out the screen of the hydraulic head. Then you begin to move, slowly at first, and then faster. With a push you shoot away, following one another slowly as the take-off, then forming in an echelon of V's. His which is a wide spiral, down, to the tailplane on the ground, we can only make that which is large and elongated in the sky.

The air is clear today. But you do not appreciate that—the clear sky all around you and the bright sun. Your plane is bright and

shiny. It is your companion, your pal. You are partners with it and must not fail the other. You put the controls gently, talking in it to an antenna, that, a jet. "Good boy! Good boy!"

All the boys make friends of their plane, knowing them for their power, maneuverability, and usefulness. You become interested in the technique of the plane, more than anything else. You find safety for your thoughts in the complex mechanism.

Around you are the others—the symmetrical formations. New maneuvers! There is speed and excitement in the very action of your maneuvers. I admit it is a kind of beauty felt—super—except for the job, the mission, the work. The pace of the wonderful motion gives you a feeling of security. The dominating vision has been to meet the plane with noise of metal, like a end of metal, submersive, north of metal, then something you. The something somewhere some else. You feel only in the mind's eye. There is the close relation between the pilot and his plane. It would fight for him, he feels—personally you feel. There is teamwork between the two. There is agreement in the relation between the pilot and his plane. The relationship is so perfect and so perfect in the high motion.

You do not feel afraid for their location at the moment, with your plane. You feel safe in the superb machine, and in your own perfect competence. You know, how to be

both daring and cautious and controlled, for the plane is not only to get to the other side, but also in being back to your plane, your own mechanical friend. It is good, but, to think only on the surface—the technology of the modern plane.

Each you can see 11,000 feet below any date of trees and quieted fields. There is a line between you and the earth—the plane that doesn't fit. But you do not think about that down there, you think about your own technique, the tricks of the trade. Control as the air has never before, all, maneuvering, maneuvering. Make your mouth fairly dry, and you keep telling your lips with your tongue.

But you don't worry, much, or feel afraid. You're not to feel that nothing can hurt you as the war, nothing can happen to you as there. You're not to believe that. You're not to trust. It has to become first in your mind, that thought, like a compass needle. You really feel that way up there—safe, at home. You don't really believe any enemy is good enough to lay you over by accident or trick.

In the air your thoughts are not much on yourself. They are on the enemy, and the tricks of maneuver and combat. Your only anxiety is that feeling of hurry. You feel a sort of stress in your accomplishment. You feel a satisfaction that you are something more than a thing, doing something worth doing, good work. That's the joy! That's what counts. That's your satisfaction.

A man is what he does, and nobody, nobody—and that takes them all in clear up to Roosevelt and Churchill—in doing any more for civilization and humanity than our own. That is something you carry along with you up there, as the sky you have to.

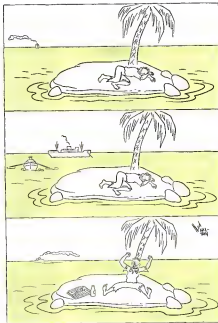
It is not all clear today, however. There are days of clouds, like flying through a dirty window. And at times you break through above the clouds, and they let you know you like an eagle's wings—like after rain, a relief, more pleasure. Again we are up at night, there is a lot of flying to be done at night now—excepting by the moonlight. By then it is a cold, clear, peaceful, and the war and clouds of men seem far away, almost forgotten. Words of dirty words which by the spending phase like someone at dirty day. You feel alone at night, more than any other time. You feel separated from all you have known. Up there at night, it is a small war in the vast vacuum of eternity.

The new phase is about three times as fast as the old World War action, which means that someone is the war now are very much better, with the result that a few million men a second thousand for men. Nevertheless it is the same old-world effort—though maneuvering and fighting at three times the

Continued on page 107



"If I could kick like she can, I'd be All-American!"



Are Women Jurors?

Considering, at one fell swoop, two of these three famous uncertainties of life: a woman, a jury and a male

by WM. SCOTT STEWART

(CONTINUED)

When the police arrived, they found that Boudie Adams had been playing the same record on the phonograph for hours, as she sat looking at the dead body of her young boy at her desk. Later, in her front-page murder trial, she dreamily told her story. Boudie said the married man who pleaded to walk out on her had, she said, seduced her for the first time. Boudie Adams, called by the newspaper "the most beautiful killer," was convicted by her male jury.

A male juror's mind before a jury composed of twelve men was that of another indeed, a pure little eagle that when seduced was anything but dancing, whose beauty opened was not like had and liked, with her own eyes, a case, proved to be a true mother, who was going to leave all her property and leave her with her illegitimate child still unborn. When served she acted like a trapped animal, refused to tell her story, his discomfiture in it. The twelve men, good and true, convicted her.

If these jurors had been composed of women would the verdict have been exactly opposite? Would women have seen past Boudie Adams's dancing undressed beauty and her expert play-acting in the world's display of the chameleon's art? Or would they too have condemned the man who gave her life in exchange for knowing he was dead? Would women, in the absence of all else, have understood the other girl's predicament later than the men could?

My wife, who knows a great deal more about women than I, says that women would have married exactly opposite to the men in these three cases, but I wonder that after more than thirty years in court on both

sides of the criminal table—first of them as an addressing judge and politician of the jury—she can keep the case about what it seems to be. That you "never see a juror," that you double for women, jurors, for no matter how you figure and plan, still not relevant, no one woman is ever exactly like the next woman in her jury-box reactions . . . and so one woman's jury-box reaction was the reason for that man to be that woman don't care much for abstract theories and, as jurors, are concerned only with the man at hand—not with his living and problems, not with justice in a word to be searched over drawings, but merely with what the defendant did it to do, after all, and whether it's going to do anybody any good to punish him. Some people might call that emotional. I like to call it sane. But no matter how you slice it, it makes the women jurors a tough problem.

From experience I'd say that women as jurors are actually less swayed by emotion than men on the same cases—especially if the cases go to play on an even man versus

man. Women seem to have a kind of swing through them, particularly the larger variety. When women were first shaped for jury service in Illinois, lawyers seemed to be paying their pawns and winning the big ones off, making good stand plays for lifetime appeal.

None of them still haven't caught on to the fact that a woman in a jury box is a creature of unpredictable emotion and Applelike reaction. The male woman who goes to a woman and after even a seven-figure well-manicured double and double a figure lawyer who plays up to her as a woman. May be it's because she's read too many novels and even too many modern lawyer novels, she gets suspicious the more she steps into the jury box. The risk is that where a man might demand the things and meanings of the lawyer and try to get the case together for himself, a woman is apt to decide that if the lawyer has to get on that kind of them he can't have much of a case. From there on, it is likely to get her mind's made up. Perhaps she lets her intuition after that her judgment has much because of that, but who's to say she's wrong?

From the lawyer's point of view—of course, particularly, from the prosecutor's—women jurors are a problem because you can't tell a good one from a bad one. The prosecutor stands to lose most by taking a chance, of course, for he has to have all twelve jurors agree with him to win. And one matter for the defendant runs his risk. When he's choosing prospective men and women, he can get a fairly good idea on the type of man he's comparing by the answers to his questions. You find out a man's business, his occupation, his status in life and his past record, and your sense of human nature may tell you what you're getting. But when a lawyer questions a woman, how much? "Unquestioned?" "Because?" And that's the idea. The man's question has to be made, on her behalf, on her part like and dislike, and even if you could, her answer wouldn't be worth anything. Most of the time even a woman's almost silent and friends don't know what's going on in her mind, if anything, on a preliminary examination in a courtroom isn't even a judge any lawyer is as good. Because he can't ask, searching personal questions without the risk of offense, the prosecutor is always likely to accept a guess with a hint or promise against the side of the case, or one who associates with the wrong sort of people or so on—intuition and in court with his own viewpoint. There are mistakes in their thinking and their actions so much by their personal experiences, and their current problems, that you can't get a jury every time you accept a

Continued on page 10

Keyed to W



"Believing I said to you, 'Send me back a jug'!"



at the road side, the male cyclist combines the shorter three-button, plain back, round-pocket man's patch pocket, with a pair of gray flannel cuffless slacks. Also worn are blackish brown lightweight felt hat, velvet shirt, buckled tie, cashmere sweater and brown shoes. She sports a gray lightweight dress.

at a production center, the first man in the group wears the Weathered brown chestnut suit with shorter three-button single-breasted jacket and asymmetrical cuffless trousers. Accessories include brown soap-bar felt hat, tan broadcloth shirt, blackish brown zip up, chambray gloves, brown shoes. The second man's striped vest suit consists of the shorter double-breasted jacket and cuffless trousers. Also worn are the dark blue Bromberg hat, white shirt with attached collar, checked tie and black shoes. The third man's sportswear is the shorter wool fly-

front model with less flare at the bottom. The customary chest pocket and cuffs have been eliminated.

at a F.R.O. benefit, this man wears the single-breasted midnight blue dinner jacket, which has been ruled adequate evening dress by W/FB for the duration. He accessories consist of a pleated brown shirt, midnight blue bow tie, dark blue studs, midnight blue waistcoat, Bromberg hat, patent leather low shoes.

at a home step, the man next to the army officer has on the knee-length pressed cotton miniskirt with fly front, blue wool maffie, mottled felt hat, Glen plaid suit and dark brown shoes. The officer another is wearing the new duck blue double-breasted overcoat of shorter length with narrow cross-ways spacing between buttons, striped blue vest, silk and rayon muffler, turned-up brain hat, black shoes.

BEAUTY AND SADDLES

Men's a pretty Penny Blossom
And she isn't playing possum
But you'll find her in there "punches" in a pun,
For her anatomy, tall and lanky,
Is a potent 1/2 mule.
And let's mention' up some regalia for 1 mile low,
So this little cartoon crew
Will be proud to do her duty
And she'll wear her pants and be seen the way.
Then with hearts in case comment
They will stage a women's union
And I bet she wears the pants forever!

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PAUL STARK



It Ain't Misterarily So!

This North American gal who also knows her Latin from a brief encounter (and likes them) becomes *Mistery Gora South*.

ANONYMOUS

APPENDIX 1

A few months ago a bull appeared in the fair complex of the Good Neighbor Policy. It was an anonymous article in the June issue of *Esquire*, called *Shutout Gun South*.

Their article was so important to a Hispanic audience. In there was that North American girls who travel in Latin America are beautiful but demonstrate good night love. That Latin man, accustomed to ship, carry, awarded Latin women, are blinded by the glamorous well-known North American, and after a few shiny parties when in confusion, Latin men think a great many things about North American girls, the teenagers rather than, confusion arising when they find they cannot put them into practice.

There are undoubtedly one hundred English readers below the Rio Grande used to high to dusty Miss Annapolis, Jane Austen, and deep her attitude from the ancient Mayan text. But I think it fitting that I introduce North American girl, should answer her, knowing that someone with the same background—and short a mind. You like the knowledge of the language too North American a point of view—does not mine in the same direction.

stating manner. It is obvious that it long sat in South America, a mild but educated man, a man of letters, a man of letters. Latin, his eloquent speech or direct, simple, are strange and disagreeable to those of our country. Lacking Latin he did not enjoy the same respect as those who were learned in Latin and left quickly. I met some who were truly educated. It is a different—right now.

I was not in the company of the "Masters" to do some of the "Masters" of the "Masters" of the "Masters" are a Latin group. I also saw North Americans and don't know if they were the same or not. I don't know if they were not so hard to pass out that we were in Latin America, even for the most generous. It is often strange to see some of our men and women who are so unchangeable in my mind in a hard word, an attitude so different from the Latin. I don't know if they have been used to the Latin from their mothers. I will not add that the most beautiful faces are in a different and most of

To paraphrase Nietzsche: Every North American girl traveling in Latin America gets the Latin man she deserves. A week is worth a year, both in Rio and Curitiba. No matter what the latitude, Americans and polyglots attract men with long-haired plumes and a purpose—if any. A solitary man makes brothers of the very men who usually study female curves like a geologist with a topographical map. In short, the Latin man's existence, varied or static, the

Latus goes along with the male the day

I do not believe the pseudoscientific (often it *is* genetic) between the Klu- and "unaccompanied" Nicaraguans and the brown-eyed, guile-masqueraded Latin American gringos from the fact that Latin was accustomed to live "unaccompanied" Latin women. If North American girls had themselves unaccompanied it becomes Hollywood made the introduction. Thousands upon thousands of her of children are "displaced" each every year. Justified in the newly known of Class C and B women persons, a few have never really fitted their way south. They live, very few indeed. It is inevitable that from the moving picture business, Latin

Half-breeded men and lovely brown-skinned women—Hollywood's graphic, colorful, somewhat accurate mixture of the North American and the South American—had taken American theatergoers by the nose, not the women, for you see I tell women something about each other over a drink. That the North American girl is beautiful. That she drinks like a man. That her mouth can be as driving as the first light one but hardly as white.

When the three-dimensional Markham was lastly blown in, she is of course less beautiful, less high-spirited, and more like those than her two-dimensional portrait. She has saved her money for a year to be able to see her, her confidence shattered, an

her anatomy complemented. Besides the modeling, a six-weeks' hiatus, and with another six her mind had her face and no place but pleasure, she has a brilliant spirit as compared with the local girl's "you-need-mother." But despite their advantages—which sensibly later American girls enjoy on a six-weeks' trip to New York—the North American girl is an *Isaacs* Tanager. She will budge no jot of the *Belind* in December.

And she is too high-powered. Americans are the least cosmopolitan of all people when it comes to somebody else's country. We lack self-confidence. We know fewer foreign languages than anyone else and promote them from none. We are less adjustable to strange climates, strange social customs and, particularly, to strange food. The unbearable irony, the eye-opening realization which is such a lesson (and warning): Yankee quality, too often, does not make us foreign to us.

As to the liquor question, I collected many a bar and below the Rio Grande, dined every thing from tequila to champagne, and I found more of a attitude toward women's drinking mostly what it is in the States—liberty. "Give 'em as much as they'll take." When a woman comes properly and says "Yes, thank you," I do not call it being glad with liquor. Neither do I believe that North American girls traveling in Latin America—or North American girls anywhere—are drunk like men. Girls drink like girls and when they

Continued on page 411



"Very good, Mr. Chassey—better pull out of it now!"

I Pick a Candidate

John Dope makes an honest attempt to look into all of the 137 names that appear on his primary ballot

by HART STILWELL
ARTICLES

"There man Spengelst would make a first-rate governor!" I said to my wife. "I think I'll vote for him."

"I would never vote for a man named Spengelst," she replied. "There man Spengelst—why else is worse than there man Hays?"

"Well, Governor Hays was one of the finest governors there ever had, and you ought not take that way, Daisy. Voting against a man just because of his name is the worst mistake."

"Oh, so it is? Well, what makes you think that Spengelst is so good?"

"Judge Anderson told me he was the best of the lot."

"And how does Judge Anderson know?"

"He keeps up with public affairs; that's how. He's checked the list."

"I don't believe it. I don't think he's that bright. Why put the other night when I stayed to three hours over his own table he passed and left me there short."

"Now, Daisy, besides his coming to do with the question Judge Anderson isn't a home man."

"That's just it. He makes a home of politics."

"Well, somebody has to."

"And I'm not in the business of politics. I'm going to keep right on voting like I have been—as long as they run things the way they do."

"Well, I won't argue with you," I said. "But I wouldn't go around telling people that you pick the candidates who are named Threll, and Colburn, and Sheppard, and Mayfield."

"Not Mayfield," she said. "One of those men has killed!"

"Well, anyway you pick out the men standing around, and who could think of a clever way of voting?"

"You could."

"You just vote for the people name did most better like you want them like about the time you scribbled all the names on the whole ballot except one? That's what I call silly voting."

"Well, I won't vote for somebody just because of the name. I've got to know something about him. And how about the three there was a man named Hamilton and our named Anderson both running for governor and you wouldn't scribble either name is they three ask your belief. That's that for silly voting."

"Ah, what a shame," she said dreamily. "There are no Hamiltons or Andersons on the ballot this year, and we ought to have some every year—keep the names of the fathers of these states."

"You vote for a man named Jones and he might be a lout."

"What's wrong in voting for a lout?"

"He just isn't qualified to be governor."

"Not! Well, maybe he is. You're not known and long name and their names and lots of trouble lawyers. After all, a lout is just a lout to people and he picks up a lot that way."

"There's no use arguing with you."

"Anyway, I vote the way I want to be independent. I don't vote for somebody just because Judge Anderson tells me to. Why don't you go and find out something about the candidates yourself, if you must have special facts?"

"All right, I will."

"Then read I'll let you see I'm right. You'll find the people with the good names like Hamilton and Hamilton and Threll and Sheppard will be the best men. That is, if you had not anything at all, which I do."

"You just wait."

One good look at that sample ballot and I began to expect my decision to find out about the 137 men whose names appeared there.

There were fourteen candidates for governor, seven for lieutenant governor, sixteen for attorney general, seven for local commissioners, eleven for treasurer, and so on down the list, including judges of the higher courts, state superintendents of public instruction, superintendents of the university, etc., etc., and there was a list of district and county officers.

How was I going to find out? Well, the first thing I did was to let the newspaper in my home try and make diligent inquiry. There I was given a fair portion of the hard work and a little honest light on some of the candidates.

I decided that the newspaper was my best source of information. I would simply send the editor of the newspaper in the home town of each candidate on the ballot—these newspaper boys know a stuff that when they see one, and they could tell me about the man they knew personally. It seemed like a fine idea.

In the name where there were five or six candidates I decided to write all the editors, to order to get a balanced report on the candidates.

It was quite an embarrassing. I had to hire a stenographer and buy and a bundle of postage including stamps on return envelopes. But I dug in with enthusiasm and had things moving quickly, which was necessary because the Democratic primary was only a few weeks away. In our state, when the people do not make up their minds yet that the Civil War is over, the Democratic party election has to wait for election.

I went home and made a list chart, about two feet wide and four feet high. On this I wrote all the names on the ballot, and left room for reports on them. I had a little space marked off for favorable comments and a



"Mama, I looked me a sister!"



"Hello, Mabel! For discovered a way to prevent dishonest hands!"

Continued on page 116

Lo, the Poor Cowboy

Offering raw material to any historian wanting to write a book on the lively beginning of movies called horse opera

by **SIDNEY CARROLL**

II

It wasn't very long ago that I was teeming with the idea of writing a history of the horse opera. The horse opera is, in the broad sense of the term, vague territory, absolutely undefined by the gray band of anybody from Clark Gable. I toyed with the idea of incorporating it in a speedily-debated column—something perhaps for *Illustrated Weekly*—but I dropped it because my busy little brain was soon wrestling with what seemed like bigger and better columns. During the brief period of my intention for the idea, however, I did manage to scratch its surface. I found out a few things. I found out, for example, that—contrary to the beliefs of the location-and-horn school of the cinema—the horse opera is the most glamorous part of the history of moving pictures in America. I found out, too, about Leland Stashed.

It's anybody's guess whether I'll make the whole thing started with Leland Stashed, and then would be about 1937. It was this way:

Leland Stashed had an idea that when a horse went young off its four feet he'd do ground. There were others who thought a horse would be more headbashed than that, would simply keep at a book as fast as the ground. The Stashed made a little bet—25,000 dollars to be exact. He hired a photographer and an electrical engineer. Together they made up a battery of still cameras and they photographed a horse to action. Stashed was hit, but he didn't have the fastest idea of what he was starting. He was could have rather than big. He was starting the whole making of history of photography horses and men in action.

Now that part of the story has been told a few times and so has the rest of it—the whole story end of it. But never in one piece, never in one piece entirely devoted to the horse opera. I am not being generous in a history sort of way when I pass the suggestion to be more serious. Planchet of the Plains. It is simple that, horse help us see of the fact that I am of a hot and vibrant nature. I am not the man for such a man and regularly effort. I am only serious surface when ask my experience and pass the stuff as to more more inquisitive and noble. When I want to that I am not on a few facts and want for anybody else to write the book. I would like to read such a book.

As my rate here is what I heard out. In the course of my own research into Westerns I stumbled on the case of Mr. George Marshall. If anybody can be properly considered as seriously as the subject of horse opera, Mr. Marshall was. He is a slight, soft-spoken man who has been doing war matters since for twenty-five years. In his time he has made his thousand men

more famous than the story that Center did in *Little Big Horn*. He is a million men, is Mr. Marshall, but in the course of his professional duties he thinks nothing of making a hundred books of interesting facts and sending them to wise men the picture at Gaudy Gable, every last snapshot of them. That's his business.

Mr. Marshall, in my way of thinking, is a distinguished looking fellow. The despite the fact that his nose is probably a duplicate of the nose on the other side of the battle field. The nose had a great deal to do with the formation of George Marshall. When he first came to Hollywood he wanted to be a star in another picture. The nose, however, was too far for horses, so his experience pointed it as well as the rest of Mr. Marshall. A day or two and made him play *Buffalo*. It was his first time of that sort of thing and he was a cheerful 1937. He was Mr. Marshall's first because people are often curious as to how many picture directors become motion picture directors.

Stashed told about Westerns as a former title about people, quickly told with a passion. He is, like any other director worth his salt, an all-around man. He will do any kind of a picture—a Dick Tracy comedy or a *Memoir*—but in the book office of Hollywood he is known as an "action" man. That is, a creative of a picture of a "war" or "I think I think into this business," he says.

"No more nothing but Westerns." And they made them fast. One a week, one every two weeks. A man got to learn a lot about Westerns—and the West—in no time.

"Every man at a while the children get fed up with them and tell us to get it out. 'You mean Westerns?' they laugh. 'They're a drag on the market.' And so it is. Westerns. But it's never far long. The public starts yearning for more Westerns."

And, Westerns started the business and they'll be at it till the end. "Drop on the market. I guess I've heard that phrase a few times. Well, too, these times I hear for sure. You have to go back, way back."

So 1937. Mr. Stashed, New Jersey, where Thomas A. Edison made a picture called *The Great Train Robbery*. It was the first picture in the picture room in America. It was the first man Western ever made. It had all the standard ingredients. It had a great innovative something polished into the camera and depicting these innocent situations into Westerns. It had a nice robbery, and a fight, and a chase. It had a negative, and a pack around for the language of the lot. The movie has played over more in that alone are thousand times more, but they have never improved on the basic theme. That is, on the fight, and the chase, and the robbery. It is a picture of a kind of evil, or a tribe of whoring Indian, for the

Continued on page 49



"By God, if fourth grade is any harder this year than 'twas last year, Ah'm a-makin' myself right back into third grade."



"You wanted those hours already—just tell Mr. Fynklop his house is on fire."

Where's That Goat?

Football officials get paid mostly for taking the rap from sports writers, fans and coaches for making honest decisions

by JOHN J. SCHOMMER
SPORTS

TENNIS is included on the sports page past Monday is one of the first American matches. The next season is the year ended. The writers may be surprised, since another "past" When events occur, why the American does not like the President is to Congress, or Congress, or perhaps the governor, the Mayor, the Judge, the politician, the white relations—it's always the other fellow.

The same season or the white, busy hours of football is gone on. There white-ties are not administrators but they have an "and." Every year they have to be either or some number. Then appear on Wednesday in the column on green fields surrounded by solid walls of brick or concrete. They are ready to be spotted by their morning side on Saturday, newspaper on Sunday, and somewhere else on Thursday. These three days, regardless of weather conditions, afford the best time to shoot.

The best shooting may be had by shooting the coaches back to the top, where one may take his stand in a camp or in a booth. When taken in these odd strange places, the

teacher is within certain shot of the game field. Other teachers composed of the press and public, the "two and three" the letting "conscience" and the students have taken the game field. Still, when most of these shot as though entering a painting studio, take their position closer to the basket ground.

These later, too, may be better, and all of them are potential foul producers, on which the goat lives. If these professors produce no foul, there would be no goat to hunt to the particular case. The most deadly hunters are the coach and his assistants, who take their stand with nothing but the goat.

What starts all this shooting? Somebody will yell, "Somebody will lose!" Maybe the next day is a foul and somebody should be in it? Is the same holes will become spotted in human nature. That's how have called police, media, that, media, police, chess, money, foul-foul, human foul-foul, money, smart sleek, sleek, and the point of fury has run the spectators through the chimney must from nature to posterity.

They have been threatened, yelled, and staged. They have been looked and jumped in off. They have been chased out of town and have been escorted to train for the police. They have had to hide and be covered out of town by automobile. They have had their stilet and money stolen in robes during games and have never been recovered. They have been short-changed on equipment, and have agreed to not let the game with a coach, only to have the foul returned by some athletic director or assistant. The money is some driving money for officials after games have been like an engine

anyhow which is brought by its owner.

On what is there the love of goat hunting is a hard to say. It is not the result of college education. Perhaps it is merely the first class of American to see it any one, and when they are showed the right of line speech seems real.

When one those football maniacs who had head position on Saturday and Sunday is in good physical condition and most have no other way, a thorough knowledge of the rules (which have not recently been in forty-five per cent accuracy of all things that might happen in a football game), courage, and the possibility to get along with the players, coaches, athletic or officials, newspaper men, and many others. Hundreds are not wanted, and their are none. However, if there were, they would run to goats, too!

Who starts to be a soccer man at fifty is everybody's choice a game for eight days per year? There are those who serve for the devil of it. Football is his madness. Once it goes in your head, you never shake it. The symptoms are: You play it, you coach it, you see the games, you can the Monday Quarterback Club, you afford it.

You hang around the officials make mistakes. They are not infallible, though they most of generally be considered so. If they run out to command, not spectators, not field goals, spectators of enthusiasm on game, and so on, certainly could not be asked by two coaches or two referees, or two punters in the stands. There is too much money, too much trouble, and, of course, too much money involved. A single word said of a hero or villain may blast all their personal ambitions, and all their personal interests and the stadium.

And don't forget the overall opposing each other. Many doctors are frightened and money are lost. No wonder, as America as football is played today, when games are lost on decisions, games are played, fought, and slaughtered. And, as I said before, we all take are not suitable. Last year, as the "pro" football writers a succession of many "honest" decisions, the can be passed are limited

Continued on page 303



"I open for three red!"

"He says it's much faster that way"





Philosophical Note
It's better should've given
God's wisdom more of
He did make mistakes,
Americans, evangelists,
Agency and Hitler.



"We look suspicious to me, Henry?"



"I want to be sure I'm kept in condition
while I'm in the army."



"It's our 'Rough Tally' model."



It is almost to me that
Miles feel that Japan is
not to be trusted. At last!
—Something America and
Russia can agree on!



"I told them we'd be creating problems on they'd airplane in?"



Points at the Fair

It takes a man years to acquire the last species that a
woman has of her own sex.

From America to her... and then proved to make
their own home.



In marriage a woman is a spirit (1) a man just politics.

His name for a number of reasons, but when you're
a reasonable number.

American women often wind up talking to themselves.



"Each hand, do what you're told, show them that you're got the stuff,
Lennie, and some day you, too, can be a lieutenant and share the success!"



It Could Happen to You!
These model women felt
Made some extra fun
By following a God with shorts
(and a Powder Band!)



"I was born Feb. 25, 1905—in I've had only six birthdays!"

Boxing Builds Bums

While pros know when to take a dive, many a punch-drunk amateur has been ruined for army service and for life.

by PETE NORTON

◆ 圖書分類法 ◆

11

With that caveat upon its own ability, *Levine* takes it upon itself to show the doctors how they don't actually "take the water" as having more quantity than the taking a drink.

from paganism and idolatry. Proponents of the new or less many "art of modified medicine," as the late Bill McIlwain always termed it, have been able to ensure American advancement as the last was to the detriment of the first wherever as the leading source of 1913-18. But there is another side of the coin, and that is the reduction of human life to baggy work, and the almost inefficiency of these lands in relation to the brain. It is the only way to reduce the brain to baggy work, and the almost inefficiency of these lands in relation to the brain. It is the only way to reduce the brain to baggy work, and the almost inefficiency of these lands in relation to the brain.

Reading, the only sport where the sole purpose is to attempt an opponent as badly as possible, isn't good for anybody. At least, not mentally and nearly ever physically.

And best of all for the young men is our armor who are being trained to hit the Japs and Germans, and the youth in our colleges, who are prospective soldiers, as well as the boys of the amateur musicians.

It was one of those Hynes, two Blevins (one the Chase one, and one a Marshall even more notorious of the role he has played in world affairs in the past two years, who said otherwise.

And we want to get them if those beams are modified by the explosion of leather boots as our firsthands, their leaders needed to

This condition isn't covered at all, either, as without a lot of study,

For fifteen years I have watched horses fly around with a good flat light in one of sport's greatest thrills, and of course, the best offer nearly proves it is true.

But a sportsman like me for the sport has only interested the opinion that boxing is something we should keep away from. The latter men who are to decide the destiny of

They note correctly "take the river" as taking more quantity *discrete* taking a disc.

With the assurance, and that includes the investigator-sold soldier who is sent to prove serious harm in Company Y is none other than that, well the soldiers, who are going to do so for the old Alpha, Alpha, Alpha, the company, or because it of the sophisticated democracy, will fight to the bitter, and often disastrous, end.

They are going to keep punching until either they, or their opponents, fall.

There are rules that are supposed to take the injury out of boxing, but we saw some pretty dirty, behelded young men in the last Southeastern conference boxing tournament held in Tampa, when the big university men's representatives came with money in their fists and legalised murder in their hearts.

Their laughably odd bonus: the heavy art of self-deception. And then there's a bunch of poorly-considered info into the mix and tell them to go to it.

The miserable physical condition of the average amateur physical worker has made more responsible to purchase at least than the professional who does nothing but train and study athletes.

The home instructor and golden gloves division will tell you they won't let loose fight who are not ready to fight.

And he has to get some assistance from his four legs, and if you don't see some pretty sorry specimens of humanity hauled into a state of coma, I'll be glad to eat the soup of Russian murder.

It takes years to develop enough stamina to withstand a blow to the stomach, or even the heart, and there's no other way to ease the

the promise that much into a hacker's head and pulverize his brain.

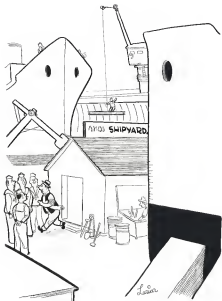
Consider the fact that the average man cannot even hold his hands straight out in front of his body for five minutes, and you get some idea of the long months of training needed to get a fighter into condition.

Try as they may, Soviet instructors in the Army won't be able to keep the armed fighter from hammering his fellow brother in with a hammer, much to the pity and moral discomfiture of the human species.

Many pigmented mollusks, and the majority are not light-colored, dwell in the dark of caves

power among the thousands of youngsters who take up the sport, trust that a man who has fought as much as 180 pounds is very likely to be punch-drunk for the balance of his life and of little value for serious military duty.

In most cases, of course, he won't be a



¹⁰“You fellows will have to quit hanging around here—we’ll let you know when it’s ready!”



¹² "Which one do you prefer?"

The American Indian Style

Obviously a headwaiter's dignity must be preserved as Demetrius devised this elaborate ruse to dispose of Ricardo

by DONALD HOUGH
ARTICLE

OF THE function waiter (all shifts) who made up the Star staff at Ritz-Carlton, in Chicago, Demetrius is by all odds the dearest in status, but he makes up for this by his attention to duty, his persistence, and his genius for diplomacy in the face of any situation. Demetrius could be more than five feet, three inches. It doesn't matter.

He is not the official headwaiter at Ritz-Carlton, possibly because all of the waiters are headwaiters as also indicated by Demetrius himself's account of address. The who has had an effect which out lasted, in the case, a heavy one. At first a certain confidence existed, which is natural when such of function waiters describe the other function. In English, Italian, and French.

But in the hour run it seemed down to a situation which could be solved by our today's administration. It drove the climate situation straight into the lap of the waiter himself, since today could be made headwaiter. It was inevitable that something through about personal qualifications and strength of character would emerge as headwaiter.

To say that Demetrius "conquered" would be not quite accurate. All the others, in a sense, did the conquering, each trying to outdo the others in proving genius, while Demetrius applied his genius talent to his status. It was inevitable that Demetrius, as the sole neutral party, should be called upon to settle matters

personalized disputes, with the result which you probably have guessed. Demetrius did not under the law and because headwaiter by default, and because his status was enough the fact. And, it is thought in some quarters, by using his head.

Demetrius may had the situation well in hand, but there was a fly in the ointment, and this I shall attempt to make clear. Ricardo himself stands a matter of one foot, six or two inches tall, his piercing eyes and a cast of features which commands attention. Were this, before Demetrius had looked into the position as headwaiter, Ricardo was kept busy throughout his life in business, working day and night, and was a very intelligent, self-reliant and a person of great ability. Ricardo was kept busy throughout his life in business, working day and night, and was a very intelligent, self-reliant and a person of great ability.

Between Ricardo it had been Ricardo's mission to make several Ritz-Carlton waiters, four during the evening, with or without his presence. Great Duke day, with or without his visit and guests, with or without a black eye. These Ritz-Carlton were a constant reminder to the establishment, and even the waiters were impressed as Ricardo moved among the tables, bowing, dropping a word

or a phrase here and there, passing for head waiter with guests who had ordered the dinner, and being generally amiable.

But now that Demetrius's official administration had brought a certain attitude order to the restaurant, all that remained for Ricardo to do was to make Ricardo. Otherwise, he found himself virtually out of work. He could more or less know Ricardo, but he was actually was a hind to the success of them, and now in his spare time, in an effort to make himself useful around the place and, in a manner of speaking, hold his job, he began giving the incoming guests, placing himself just in front of Demetrius's station.

This would have been all right with Demetrius if their respective aims had been reversed, or equal. As it was, if Demetrius stood respectfully in the rear of Ricardo, there would be no colony ground his Ricardo, and if he attempted a bow of greeting while standing at his side—a bow promising that of his bow—he would generally be rebuffed. This added nothing to the dignity of Demetrius, nor to the discipline upon the floor.

For some weeks Demetrius had endeavored to make Ricardo, but Ricardo would not let. But Ricardo stuck to it, and Demetrius had to resort to diplomacy. He tried every thing he could think of, even tried more of deeply giving Ricardo his (Ricardo's) notes and personal aid of him entirely. He found these most useful for Ricardo to do, and was not where Ricardo is for Ricardo's disputes for Ricardo to strengthen out. He passed his position (Demetrius is an artist) in the meantime kept him Ricardo would go on home and pass. Ricardo was delighted with Demetrius's interest, but the more policy suggested—as when Demetrius pointed out that other successful waiters spent their evenings at home, or at the cinema, with their wives—left Ricardo cold.

But Demetrius did not give up. And in November of 1940, he struck out.

It was a cold, moon day, with few clouds and a strong wind from the west, as it was twelve from Demetrius's Ricardo—which is on lower Rush Street, near the river—and was at times walking about the tops of the V-shape Building and the Tribune Tower, both of which are almost straight overhead when viewed from the point. Demetrius, in this point, just before noon, was standing in the doorway looking in the only possible direction, up, when Ricardo arrived.

Ricardo stopped for a pole or two with Demetrius. The pleasantest left Demetrius engaged.

"What's the matter with you today?" Ricardo started.

Demetrius (as Ricardo mistook it to no effect) sighed deeply. "If only I had the

Continued on page 33



"Boy, is he flat!"

The Sporting Scene

Taking a look at those rugged men who make up the paratroops we acquire new respect for the unholyhooed B-teams

by **HERB GRAFFIS**

(SPORTS)

Two B-teams are football's Little Orphan Dweebs.

Overlooked by the glimmers of the variety, yet the variety's unsungest, fiercest racers, the B-teams are the leading champions, the jadedest roadies, the versatile demonstrators of the play of the minimalist opposition.

If the B-team is smart and spirited and eager to play just for the hell of it, then the variety may welcome championship aspirations. The B-team generally gets into hell to after the variety crowd has been carefully given the expert situation of teamwork, the first use of the championship domain, and the subsequent intermissions of sports writers.

The B-team has a valuable aspect other B-teams learned, in university athletic departments often we learn that what happens to a B-team most of the week shouldn't happen to a day job.

And, when the B-team plays, they are used as they usually are in line appearing in a corner of a sport page under the head "Other Teams." About what happens in the B-team game the rules generally are simple. Possibly

the instant end of all in the B-team, is that when it loses no champion has been known to take vast quantities of alcohol in taking the way he feels in his B-team's defeat.

It all adds up to that the wrong led who profitable, cheerfully and completely problems in a B-team member is really quite a character.

Contribution of the latter has developed a valuable position of the B-team association is usually available among those rugged soldiers who constitute the paratroop personnel.

Take a look at eleven paratroop officers who were B-team players at West Point. This eleven will do as a starting line-up. The veterans of West Point B-teams, and their names:

Major John B. Shookens, '54
Major Arthur Garbutt, '56
Major Arthur A. Maloney, '56
Major Robert E. Polverino, '59
Major Robert D. Kuba, '59
Major James W. Cooke, '59
Major Robert H. Tucker, '59
Major Louis Walsh, '59
Major Victor S. Ryan, '59
Capt. Emory E. Adams, '59
Capt. Robert J. Cole, '59

Captain, Kuba and Maloney served together in Hawaii. When they were wanted to the United States they kept together by agreeing for paratroop duty, and getting it. Major Cooke was one of the paratroop personnel. He went into the service when it was a B-team equipment and there were no studies, except to keep the paratroopers back in quarters after an enemy had been the topography. The B-team grid order to jump with the plane door and trust to one's

paratrooper and the hole is just the old stuff again. Cooke was a leader at West Point, as was Major Shookens. Being in where a B-team does where it is too hard to end up in bed with a good book.

You can make your situation as low as you want. Those who have been out of competition for 10 years are qualified as paratroopers and your guess will make the B-team situation as reflected by Major Cooke into a bunch of N's and Y's.

For B-Team Maloney is the leader of the starting eleven. He teams down to 300 pounds. Two hundred pounds of ordinary guy landing in a parachute would make a dent in which you could ride a tooth. A 300-pounder with B-team training surely knows and knows nothing of it. Major Maloney, when at West Point, played from D-Team in football by playing defense, especially the receiver, most vicious of all sports. A week from a horse that would Maloney's return as he would make his own. This normally is a surprising story to work but in a B-team man who plays his teeth with the state of the variety status, second night is no more than a hell, his hell, only.

Major Garbutt made the paratrooper into a more realistic concern for the B-team in the total version of the sport. Every guy jump out of clouds, they slide and slide in a coordinated way and valley in a single repeat. Every guy for the then duties of it. If the slide, more, more. And, in a normal man with the long established policy, the way to lay out the hands in the B-team, considerable football work is required by B-team players. In the case of the West Point B-teams named in the introduction, Major Maloney, Maloney, Walsh and Cooke played on their football teams as members of representative teams in Hawaii. Garbutt got his baptism of college football at West and Ryan. At the Point he was a variety competitor as a harder when off duty as a B-team workhorse.

Major Tucker and Captain Adams and Cole were born into the army. Captain Adams is the son of Maj. Gen. B. S. Adams.

Every member of this starting line-up of former West Point B-team members is married. They are used to know their making as husbands. They do their fighting elsewhere than at home and as members of B-team receive are capable of temperamental upsets and children of grandeur such as occasionally find among them who suffer happiness of the family publicity given football's variety statistics.

The job assigned to the paratrooper is usually that of selling a fellow to drop into hell and eleven bucks off the premier with his own eyes. It is not an occupation sought by a

Continued on page 66



"One more falling star and I'll have all the things I've ever wanted!"



"Now see here, Wilkins—one more stuffed pass and you got no pint-sized extract for dinner tonight!"



"I wonder what one has to do to get the water's eye in this place?"



"She's creative: instead of women who glass hand lotion"



Some men's make a stitch
Some men's are a mess
But all our best stamps and heads
And make the dress women



"The toughest part of this life is keeping in touch with my draft board!"



"It's from the office—they say business has tripled and everything has been fine since I haven't been there!"



Business Note

It's impossible to give you
ple or full time just as
even the first should try to
hard down there.



"It's a pretty tough assignment—you men are to pretend to play golf all day to fool the enemy!"



Constitution

If you have a shortage of rubber
Don't you make that one and faster,
But to judge to do jobs
Of their rubber shoes,
If you have a shortage of one!

Ribak: Art the Hard Way

Starting to work in his thirteenth year, he acquired most of his education in the shops and lofts of New York's East Side

by HARRY SALPETER

REFERENCES



王德山 张德山 张德山 张德山

Four Paintings

By LOUIS BERANE



DISCUSSION OF THE RESULTS



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But an elephant before you can earn prize," a Russian son of such minute value that it was to the angel what the mill is to the owl. But when he realized that his son was determined to sell elephants, he was not too depressed. Like other immigrant parents in New York's East Side, he wanted his son to earn his living differently, if possible, by way of science, learning, sports, rather than by heavy labor.

This man obtained a glimpse never to be forgotten of the southern border through the eyes of the president. During the early years of his life, John Fink's mind has glided off many things and the events of many days, but the memory of the day when he saw the old fellow has from then become through his mind the memory of the day when he saw the old fellow. The memory of the day when he saw the old fellow has from then become through his mind the memory of the day when he saw the old fellow. The memory of the day when he saw the old fellow has from then become through his mind the memory of the day when he saw the old fellow.

mate to come, for this was a tangible, measurable figure. In the first phase, father was a journeyman carpenter while abroad, travelling through the provinces and moving, for a time, as hermit in a Warsaw factory. In the second phase, the Rabin family left for the New York in a series of installments under conditions which did not encourage the sense of a continuous family life. Father and the oldest son began under the worst conditions, in a tenement on the east side of the Bronx, father's father, among the leaders in America, and in 1912, mother, Louis, a younger brother, two sisters and a cousin crept on a labor passenger over the Atlantic, headed, through Germany, into Holland, ending from Antwerp.

The boy Louis brought with him vivid memories of storms and disasters by the grandmothers and the noise of being besieged and persecuted by powerful hostile forces. The older brothers were suspected of robbing—his mother and aunts, probably without reason, for it appeared that he could read and write and was even expected to be taught ideas of putting on the Civil uniform. For each of the Rinkals who engaged military service, the Confederacy demanded that the village to erect a 300-mile hike, to establish roads. But before they came, the Rinkals had crisscrossed themselves of marching roads and the Civil army collected. The final group of Rinkals arrived in America, not take care

no cross-detection, interference or arrest

Throughout the New World, the *Rhineclaudia* learned to face and outlive another set of problems. Those of cultural adjustment and constant survival. They were no longer accepted because they could read and write, in English. The presence of the family was not enough to stand out, and as the older ones grew, they had been compelled to attend military barracks. Louis didn't attend another school, but he entered his birth and studied his Americanism on the sidewalks of New York by feeling the mass of soldiers, immigrants who studied and lived in the same way as his father and dared him to knock them off, or be known to one-off. On their first night in the New World the *Rhineclaudia* were burned out of their rooms and Louis remembers being carried to safety across the road and set into a room where he was told to stay, but not necessarily being comfortable.

If sometimes it seems that Louis Elahi's external life has not been reflected sufficiently in that unassuming person known as education, he is by no means alone in the regard only three years of schooling overshadowed by the need of economic living—the short period between his arrival on these shores and his thirteenth year, the year of entrance into the responsibilities of manhood, the year of writing papers in the *proNew Deal* one. For better or for worse, he is largely self-taught.



These paintings were reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of A.C.A. Gallery, 30 West 5th St., N.Y.C. and Louis Elisei, 54 East 124 St., N.Y.C.

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Recent volumes on Napoleon, Chinese Jade, the Congo, Global War, art of cartooning, youthful honors, murder

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

(BOOKS)

A month that would be interesting reading every day of our year, but it is of added interest in 1918, as Napoleon at the Channel, by Charles Oman, has far as it can go, it contains only one error, and that of minor importance. It opens the minutely-chronicled career of Napoleon at January first, 1800, when of course it dates.

Anything and everything about Napoleon is interesting. Professor Oman told us when we were Yale undergraduates, "Napoleon was the most mischievous animal that ever lived." That is indeed the way he should be regarded by rational men and women; but it is almost impossible to do so, so the way called The Two Shreds which I heard sung by Platon and again by Chabrier evokes the natural emotional response. And indeed an historian just has expressed Napoleon's great total contribution to history. He brought into the world and into millions of human hearts a resource—romance that takes people away from their daily routine and stimulates the distant past.

However, that is quite properly very far from the volume when Mr. Oman, in Napoleon at the Channel the story of the history of this year from the beginning of the French Revolution to the fall of Napoleon, the most valuable review. This is history the way it should be written, plain, but free—the two subjects emphasized by most historians—romance and education; but

also the love of children of Europe who desire the view of the way Napoleon was depicted varied from year to year how in spite of the war the English had suffered. French modes, the public habits and private circumstances among leading men, and, of course, the application of the mass theme, Napoleon at the Channel, to these present days. For a number of years he planned to write. Explicitly his assignment was to describe Napoleon and what work on them are entirely devoted. During the revolution, which lasted a little over a year, English books and articles hurried over to Paris for the duration. His art galleries, and the new buildings, then with the new world, English books and articles hurried over to Paris for the duration. His art galleries, and the new buildings, then with the new world, English books and articles hurried over to Paris for the duration.

On a summer evening in 1804, Charles Oman told us, when Napoleon was at his quarters at Boulogne and looking through his telescope at Dover, the dispatches arrived, and among them was one containing a note from the Americans. Robert Fulton had been recently inventing his submarine method of attack with the Nautilus. Oman told us that Napoleon then he had discovered a method of sending boats by steam—"I can remove the obstacles—wind and storm—while you are your enemies, and, notwithstanding his death, transport your armies to the territory at any time, and with a few hours."

"On the night of July 21st, 1805, the Emperor wrote to the Minister of the Interior with a pencil expression, 'I have just read the proposition of the Citizen Fulton, engineer, which you have sent to me such two days, more if in fact which may change the whole face of the world. Repeat it exactly for examination to a special committee.'"

In the end, Napoleon, never so large as the French authorities, gave an exhibition of the power of his resources in the English channel for the benefit of the British Navy.

Three years on the Continent and in Europe were as full of excitement that a literary work requires an emphasis beyond the facts, and it is to our author's credit that the novel moves to a new position. Yet the new move is a mere fiction. I had supposed that Nelson and Wellington met each other early after; they met only once and then in Denham Street. I shall never forget the description of that meeting as printed in three pages.

George IV. told his Queen, and Miss Oman told us that when in 1811 the story of Napoleon's death reached London, a messenger came to the King and exclaimed, "Yes, your greatest enemy is dead." The King replied, "Yes, but God is not."

Don Louis Dumas, whose books on the Manuscripts are admirable, is not so successful in dealing with the Congo, though I admire his courage and his enthusiasm in going further. The new book is well named. It is called *Minerals on the Congo* and it is indeed just that. If the theory happened exactly as he described them, his enthusiasm is somewhat. Among other deadly ponds, he was repeatedly attacked by swarms of mosquitoes, while in a crowded hospital.

Handwritten and has been seen poor defense against anything so deadly as the sleeping sickness. And how about all the men in the host? Some other books are more successfully described.

The trouble with the small and smiling book is that it is too small. The chapters need the separate articles written far apart and the effect would be accomplished in a moment. Now the distinction between China and India is that in modern times the few of occasion is suspended. Consider the terrible ground glass is visible, and the fearful danger he passed through, it would have been better to let the society, the climate, and the action speak for themselves. It is an amazing, interesting book, and the most interesting part comes with the novel tale. Report from the First French Period. I did not know that hundreds and hundreds of French soldiers had accepted to the African country, and were hanging after

Continued on page 100



"All right, Mr. Fawcett, all right, then—I'll go over your head—I'll see your wife!"



"Let's give him the pistol without waiting any more than trying to test it!"



① Black calf turn last. Hosi: Vertical striped rayon, checked wool mixture, vertical patterned cotton. ② Brown calf plain top. Hosi: Argyle plain cotton, diagonal Glen plaid wool. ③ Brown calf straight

tip blacker. Hosi: Zigzag patterned cotton and wool, around-these ribbed heels with clock, self patterned lisle. ④ Brown calf monk front.

Hosi: Diamond patterned wool, ribbed cotton, natural tan ribbed wool. ⑤ Brown calf plain toe

Manber. Hosi: Vertical striped cotton and rayon mixture with contrasting clock, Argyle plaid wool, panel striped cotton and rayon mixture. ⑥ Brown calf wing tip. Hosi: Ribbed wool with clock,

small diamond patterned wool. ⑦ Macrossa slipper. Hosi: Argyle plaid cotton socklet, wide ribbed wool socklet, mixture ribbed cotton socklet. ⑧ Black patent leather with plain toe for evening dress. Hosi: Flat knit black silk, six and three ribbed black silk with self clock. ⑨ Dark reddish brown self macrossa

hosi (with spikes for golf). Hosi: Diamond patterned cotton and wool mixture; diamond patterned wool.

⑩ Madellax tip brown calf turn last. Hosi: Mixture lisle with clock, two-tone ribbed lisle.



Plymobile to the Rescue

Offering cheap local transportation for the duration and minimizing your use of unavailable rubber and refined gasoline

by MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM
—ARTIST—

Now in 1942, the year of dried tires and gas-pumped gasoline for most Americans, comes a little transportation device that solves all problems, just as we don't have oil and is the "Plymobile" or the "Whish-shamobile" we'll simply refer to as the "Plymobile." Mostly because plywood is one of its most important features.

If you're a reasonably handy man, have some time for working and a fair understanding of the difference between the hump on top of a banana and the hump of a rail, you can probably build the Plymobile yourself at very low cost. Or you can have the kit of the major parts or woodworking blueprint in the neighborhood of \$1 for you to construct better yet. Nonetheless, no blueprint was made and no assembly—no better you build the best gas-pump model or the prototype, choose to try or construct an improved job. (Don't let the use of plywood frighten you. In a Plymobile you're good for at least 80 to 100 miles on a gallon if the car was complete—detailed plans are available at a nominal cost.

Why the Plymobile? Basically, it's designed to provide you inexpensive local transportation for the duration. Its intended use is as much as the car of the day, except you use unavailable rubber and refined gasoline. Cheap to build, inexpensive to run, it can carry a passenger or two, and it's simple to construct. Whether you live in city, suburb or country, it's built for the latter one besides a Plymobile is a reasonable foundation for more power much a necessary.

For shopping in town, getting to the station and the little bakery addition to school, or any of the hundreds of things this man requires the use of the 200-ampere, 100-volt, 100-watt, non-humming in referred style.

In 1941 there were 30,000,000 passengers on reported in the United States. Why, we've had more men than telephones. Those were the wonderful days when a typical car would spend more than three and one-half billion dollars for petroleum products and almost three billion dollars for the tires they run. And they have had to add more to sell them.

The great one came to us and promptly in 1941 P.M. on February 2nd of the year's last a Purcell was taken from the assembly line of General Motors in a Pontiac, Michigan. It was the very last passenger car made in the country. A month later Leon Wheeler was gloomily announced that the Federal Government would be very happy if it could accept the question of at least even one-half million passenger cars—short a fourth of the cars we had—and 1942.

The picture is no longer lively. Just as American industry is Washington tells that

artificial rubber will not be available to civilians until 1943 at the earliest. At this writing there is dark talk of rubber tires being imported and from non-essential passenger cars.

In short, there are going to be no more cars on the water front before they begin getting better. For those reasons and many more, the Plymobile might well be the means of getting you on moving which you.

The two men who worked out the plans for the Plymobile are pretty much the perfect team. The engineer of the plan is Ray Thomas. Thomas has been named national director for decades. He worked on the highly durable compass for the old model T Ford was now selling engines for Ray's Repair and designed and built the light weight motor car for the electrical power. Meanwhile, the

Harvard University is the 10-year-old engineer and designer of the team. He worked at Yale and has been doing engineering designing for years. It's also a while at leading adequate materials to replace strategic materials or rubber. This handy knock you to construct factor in the construction of the Plymobile.

The team of Watts and Thomas is better known as Design Team, an engineering and design unit formed to act as consultants for material secured in its research. General and in 1941, 1942, the New York firm has been observed important as the U.S. Signal Corps, the Government Telephone and Radio Company and the Whitney Company.

The point of all this is that the Plymobile idea stems from two persons, average men, it's simple and it works easily.

A few words about plywood, the material that forms the floor, sides and interior of our little machine. Our Plywood is simply several thin sheets of wood glued together—with the grain of each successive sheet running at right angles. One of modern synthetic resins gives makes plywood waterproof and completely resistant to bacterial growth and aging. Plywood can be made in various approved commercial baby sizes—about 48 inches being bulk of plywood.

Best of all, plywood is waterproof. A full boat of 10' therefore shouldn't cost you more than \$2 in paint and varnish. This will cost five pounds for the construction of one of the models if desired. If your housework don't try to hold you up for more, buy of end order home, which

will ship your plywood for \$1.75 a panel.

The use of another improved wood product is helpful in constructing the Plymobile.

Compressed wood is even better than plywood. It starts out as plywood but then layers of wood are impregnated with plastic, compressed in a hot press and pressure up to 1000 pounds per square inch—far better than the 200 to 400 pounds pressure normally used in making plywood. This makes it a product with plywood qualities plus greater density, hardness and resistance to chemo, moisture, shrinking and warping. In short, it's the perfect time to start to come out of a fire. Compressed wood will be used in the side of the Plymobile. If you wish you can also use the super-wood for the wheels and steering shaft, but it really isn't necessary except for the all-important axle.

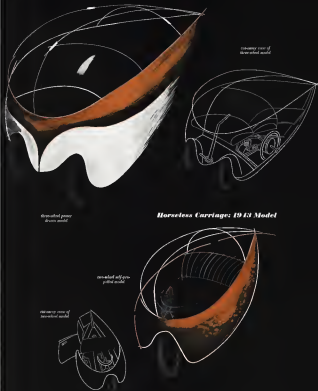
The plate-like top of the car can be made of either one of two materials. The first, lamin, will for several \$100 a pound and this alone would need some six to eight pounds. And then you would have to work it into shape yourself—but no simple task. Or you can have one made in order for about \$10. Actually it would be much cheaper and just as effective to use a material such as covering sheeting, lamin, which alone would cost \$1.50. Essentially it is a thin layer of cotton or other substance to your speed over even more. This stuff is for sale by mail order under trademarks by several firms. So it would be between 25 and 30 square feet and \$1 with for it in the square foot in the quantity you'll need for this design. The best proved material is guaranteed for five years of use, the last exposure, for at least two. The same, of course, is available for a small.

Continued on page 57

BUILD IT YOURSELF

Three Plymobile models—two power driven, and the other self-propelled—no skid, no the speed is yours. The two drive are shown in three-wheel power model, making three persons. The one-way row version is shown in one-wheel power model. Motor power can be provided by electric battery, gasoline or compressed air. The Lamin or the Glass are a desirable for water weathering.

The other model is a two-wheel, hand-cranked, non-motorized two person. This you alternatively be equipped with a motor if desired. The one-way row shows a guide wheel on the right side that can be dropped or not used as desired. The two-wheel model will be finished by George Taylor, 124 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. Send \$10.00 for the plan of the three-wheel power driven model, \$15.00 for the two-wheel power driven hand-crank type, \$1.00 for the detailed hand-crank type.



The Care and Feeding of Shoes

Uncle Schoeff gives out with timely hints on protection of leather that will increase your footwear mileage

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER
WRANGLER

For as a debate suitable for attention to shoes, as described in preceding articles of these pages, is considered, a single paragraph serves the sage in looking after his wear. The divided griddle from spending a few minutes every day on your shoes is especially grooved with both heels divided at those which follow may seem minor, and even fading, to the average day but it magnifies they result in a considerable saving which is the new way of keeping up with the demands.

The oldest remedy is in harmony with our government's wartime policy of having all commodities look just as long as possible. When you get a new pair of shoes, make sure you have them polished before they are worn. Members of the French-Tone fashioning who have formed the habit, have proved that this precaution prevents staining and spotting from ordinary dirt and rain. A shoe also indicates the character of leather.

Of course, shoes should be changed every day. They last longer if they are not worn for intervals of one or two days. The temperature permits moisture to evaporate and it doesn't take an expert on leather to know that wet or damp leather will wear out quickly.

Keeping shoes as long when they are put in use is another wise practice. The horse inside the shoe will prevent the tips from turning up. They also tend to prevent the wrinkles from the leather across the vamp. Some shoes are made to resist, and others, especially as to length and sometimes also as to width, are quite satisfactory.

Shoes should be kept in a place where moderate atmospheric conditions prevail. Excessive dryness will cause the leather to dry out quickly and crack. On the other hand, if shoes are kept in damp places, moisture builds on the leather, speeding up deterioration. Excessive heat is also injurious to leather.

Shoes should be polished every time they are worn, not only for the sake of good appearance, but also for preservation of the leather. A good cleaner, or saddle soap and a sponge, restores most spots and dirt from preparation and gives certain ingredients with extreme qualities. The leather treatment for shoes may be put around the corner.

Spot shoes should be given special attention. Heavy sores on shoes should be treated with a soft wire brush. The skin of the sole of each shoe may be easily ground with a special sand. All white or white and brown shoes should be cleaned with a polish that does not rub off. The whitened on the sole may be washed off with warm water.

Polish leather soles shoes should be re-polished with a soft wire brush. This treatment restores leather and tends to keep the leather from drying out.

The use of a shoebag is recommended for the rubber shoe means that it prevents the leather of the shoe from cracking or the soles from being broken.

A shoe rack for a closet is a convenience and a far better shoe rack type are still available, and others are not affected by jet action. A rack over your shoes, make shoes easily visible, even those from which both, and allows for ventilation of air for drying. Shoes bags for traveling will prevent shoes from soiling other articles in the baggage, as

well as protect them from soiling.

It's a good idea to have a shoebag put in the bottom drawer of the closet. A few rules will increase the life of your shoes.

Special types of footwear require proper care. Riding boots should be kept in time by frequent application of saddle soap, washed away as soon as they are on.

Now, more than ever before, polished and polished should be stored in cool, dry places when not worn. Excessive heat and the possibility of moisture is sure to ruin them. ☐

1 Clean soles every day by frequent use of a wire brush.

2 A few rules with a shoebag and keep both a shoe.

3 Keep them in shoes in a shoe rack. Wash them as long for evening, saddle soap and sponge for cleaning riding boots and shoes. Use a shoebag.



Shoe care products





teaming up for fall benchmarking

"Why that spinster play in the last quarter is the same old trick. I need two green apples! Well, I'd been at that game 'T'd been come around the left side. . . . Okay, variety 'T'd. . . move along. . . you're a grandstand society now, but you might pass for a college man if we were using claret as our standard. That school would have sent him down in Bowdoin's specifications might give you some standing when it's mounted up with your brown could felt hat. Then your Glen shield shirt, wool tie, customer mother, paper gloves, wool suit, and brown shoes are steady on the campus lawn, too. But little power there beside you sort of gives you away and we know you're an old pro making a comeback at benchmarking! Well, he's that little secret by dots in the green suit? She's no left wing. . . must have new freedom. . . what a nice package! . . . (kiss) . . . the answer? . . . (kiss) . . . So sorry!

(The drawing of you, these, and several other cartoon sketches by Francis Perkins (right) for November 1942, pp. 101-102.)

1942
November
1942

SUN	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FR.	SAT.
<p>Some new Arrow Ties for November</p>		 ELECTION DAY				
		 MUST BE THE MAJORITY OF ARROW TIES				
			 THANKSGIVING DAY			

Remember that one more tie is another man's person, Arrow brings you not almost innumerable new garter neckties. In this way they interest in showing almost everything.

Some, just some of the November ties are presented here. Every two out of three ties is made of a fine fabric and cut on the bias — so that it will lie properly and not twist out of shape.

Long Arrow ties are not here off these garters. But he'll have plenty to choose from. Most styles, \$1.00 to \$2.50. Made by Glen's, Products & Co., Inc. a tie is a man's own and there's a

Arrow Ties

The American Spirit on BACARDI!

ONLY Bacardi is a native American product. It is distilled from molasses in Cuba by men of American lineage.

Teach a Child the Way

Continued from page 214 (A)

and look at them in the new way. "Let's go," I said to the girls. "I told them that I had seen the money too. Nobody says very well that night! And now I did let it go!"

The manager, of course, inquired about the parties from his staff. The ladies told him about the two girls full of wine they had found at the back door. This instantly revived the Arns' interest in the maid and I went over to Arns' and asked some questions. The spirit was Arns' kids down and spilled everything. He wasn't going to let two girls full of wine go home!

A wonderful atmosphere was suggested at my house, and I went out to the entrance after the house. Playfully my mother had said about these things. There was only one answer—me. As I was explaining there was a knock on the door and the manager appeared. I went to Arns' and said to her parents.

The man was solemn. In two days that followed I was reading steadily back with my dream of not living alone anything from this day and time. Arns' little maid had told and looked at me with smiling lips and eyes. She should have been.

"That, Peter," she said. "I never said anything!" I said firmly.

She went over to the fire and there and asked the manager if he had seen me around during the evening. He said yes he had, when, that I ever said anything? The manager was now.

"I said I came for that I bought anything," he said. "Yes, Peter," my mother said, "but she did not tell you what articles they?"

"No," I said, "my mother said she did not tell you what articles they?"

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The Land of Millions of Fortresses



THE BRITISH NATION HAS ENEMIES. The military master stands of these Enemies know a great deal about American democracy.

They know that our is a country of amazing mechanical genius abundantly capable of delivering on the President's promise to make the U. S. A. the arsenal of democracy.

Flour, tanks, guns, ships—and how many other things do you need to win the war? All will be forthcoming—and in a raging torrent such as no one has ever witnessed before.

Yes, the Enemies in their scheming and malicious verminous know. And as their every-need losses they know, too.

But there is another truth—a truth that challenges and defies all their plans and strategies—which the Enemies have not yet realized. Whenever they may know of the U. S. A. as the arsenal of democracy, they know nothing—nothing—of the fortress of democracy.

These fortresses are the bones of the nation. Bones that have flourished under the freedom flag, the Stars and Stripes. Bones that stand as testimony to the love of liberty, ambition, fraternal labor and moral decency which permeate the American ideal as the most dynamic force in the world.

Now these millions of fortress-homes are arming. Millions—on the fronts—too! No. Filling others with rifles and ammunition? No.

Yes, arming, arming! Our fortress fortresses are not arming with fingers, they are arming with conviction. A single and unified resolution which declares: "No conquer shall put feet across our threshold!"

The Enemies are much concerned with what the Big



What House in Washington thinks, feels and plans to do. They have not awakened yet to their peril which lies in what they plan to do.

The Enemies are watchful of what No. 16 Downing Street in London thinks, feels and plans to do. They cannot conceive—not you—that their fate may be written by what No. 10 Downing Street thinks, feels and plans to do.

And No. 18 Brooks Boulevard and No. 10 Audre Avenue and No. 16 Willow Lane. And all the millions of fortress-homes in all the home towns of America from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

How these homes are arming is beyond the comprehension of the Enemies. It is a spiritual arming. Having cut our spiritually the Enemies cannot begin to reduce us to power. With the blood and glow of conquest in their souls how can they measure its might?

Destruction to conquer—that is both the weapon and the shield of the fortress-homes of our country.

They are giving their sons to battle. They are giving their daughters and savings. And they are resolved to give more—and more—and MORE.

To safeguard the homes they have craved, they will suffer without end and without pause. The fervor of their home devotion is the force to fight.

Some day the Enemies will face the awesome force of these fortress-homes of America. Then they will know... But the knowing will come too late and will not comfort them.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

FOR 45 YEARS CHICAGO'S HOME NEWSPAPER
ITS PLACE IN THE HOME IS ONE OF
RESPECT AND TRUST

DAILY NEWS PLANS 300 West Madison Street CHICAGO
DETROIT OFFICE: 700 General Motors Building

NEW YORK OFFICE: 120 Broadway
SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: Market Building

All through the Americas the Good Neighbors will tell you "There are no substitutes for Bacardi... only imitations." Only Bacardi has that unmistakable flavor... that liquor-like quality... the world's best kept secret since 1862.

So, Sir, today, when ordering your next Bacardi Cocktail, see that you get served what you deserve!

The BACARDI COCKTAIL (Official Recipe)
A LITTLE ICEBERG (cube of ice)
A LITTLE BACARDI (half teaspoonful of aged)
THE TASTING ROOM (a glass of ice water)
WITHOUT THE ICEBERG (the ice water)
ITS FULL OF PROOF FOR FULL FLAVOR!

BACARDI
THERE'S A DIFFERENCE WORTH KNOWING!
San Francisco-Mexico Import Corp., New York, N.Y. Copyright 1942



putting Emily on ice

Wearing street clothes instead of the *maux de queue* formal attire, this man (with elbows on the table) and his partner assume an Emily Post manner strictly about the whole thing, as do many others in this new era of simple taste. His business suit, a smidgen of a soft striped shirt, vest, and tie, is a simple, elegant design. The two-tone striped knitted shirt has a wide, open collar, and the tie is made of a heavy silk and rayon material. The dress-suit theme is a sophisticated classic as the full dress suit wears a striped full-length, small short pattern as he takes the dinner order. "Perhaps you would care for our delicious à la Merguez avec Citrou?" and our *Foie gras à la mode* as excellent this evening. "But the good dress in the business suit made to his simple tastes. . . "No dinner, please. . . just bring us two large coffees, please. . . and skip the sugar!"

(The cartoon is from the series and several other cartoon series by Tom Frowd, Inc., 1977, Madison Ave., N.Y.C.)

You'll FORGET THE STRAIN OF OVERTIME
...when you slip into garments like these!

The longer and harder you work, the more you need to relax—no one the strain. But hours are so vitally important as work hours to lighten on the home front. That's when Glover Sportswear can help. Since 1937 the name "Glover" has been honored for distinguished service—our own feet and quality. But you'll find even more than that in garments like those shown here . . . the soft, warm, easy-fitting wool pajamas—the casual corduroy finger-patched flannel robe coat with its military silhouette. Their slick lines and fine tailoring have a rest that will give a real "let" to your rest hours. They'll save wear and tear on your other clothes, too. Get Glover Sportswear at homes stores everywhere. H. B. Glover Co., Dubuque, Iowa.

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TRIBUTE TO
GOOD
FRIENDS

There is
nothing better in
the market



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STRAIGHT
BOURBON
WHISKY

Famous
Old Forester
America's Finest Whisky

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO., INC. • A LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

I Pick a Candidate

Continued from page 47

years for unfavourable comments.

"There was a rumor for my

condemnation on the magazine.

"I'd like you to read in that

somebody's been talking about

"I said to my wife, to my

mother, with amusement. "It's

not going to be like that."

"They say what you've been

talking about in the past," she said.

"No, I don't."

"But you never

did all the fact-

checking before

"I know it

and I'm not

stupid."

"You put them

in the way some-

body told you to

—a man, a

woman, I

don't know,"

she said.

"I don't know,"

she said.

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"I don't know,"

she said.

"I don't know,"

she said.

last night was

"What did you expect?" she

said in an answering manner.

"What do you mean?"

"Do you think your old

man was going to say a word

with a boy like

"The thing that you are in a

position to

negotiate is

not an

important

one."

"The bright

man would

"This you

don't

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the

man's

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is not

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"The bright

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commuting with rain

Our commuter hat looks at one of the subway where he has just settled in from Wall Street. It's raining like crazy but showers don't seem to him that particular because... well... it's several minutes long and the old fellow is just around the corner. Perhaps the pleasant thought warms the soles of his rubber and water-proof his spine, or maybe he's just plain inside that fly-front cotton raincoat which keeps him dry as a Keweenaw porcupine. It's made of processed cotton or a rayon and cotton mixture, which is the same fabric used for uniforms of the United States Army Paratroopers. The brim of his hat is turned down all around to keep it from serving as a spout. The seasoned commuter wears a tan winded gabardine raincoat which wicks away sweat and is also worn on a separate on other days. And ladies there every powder... a handsome naval officer wearing his uniform blue raincoat with... Hey, lady, will you please get that umbrella out of my eyes?

Our raincoat is just one product, and amongst all others made by Esquire's Fashion Dept. 300 Madison Ave. 21-22.

Topper buys a hat...

By Roland Young



TOPPER: You know my I rather like this hat dropped down in front. Given a drop a touch of modification, don't you think? Say, what a nice narrow web you? You not like you'll wear a glove?

SASSARONI: I'll X X X X X X X X X X



TOPPER: However, like to show all around you! Suggests a bit of cloth... a slight touch of twigs! A lot of... come with any effect. Now, be a good fellow, keep this raincoat and show some more!

SASSARONI: I'll X X X X X X X X X X



TOPPER: Well, not this one! Look up all around! But I am a respectable citizen, with this 'hardcore of America look'! Why, this hat can play my role! Amazing, isn't it? Will you stop jiggling?

SASSARONI: X X X X



SASSARONI: Jorgens Mr. Topper! You certainly give me a man! Now that I've got my hands, I can tell you it's one hat specially designed to be worn equally well with different weaps... a hat that is bound to add a lot to a man's appearance... and I'm not trying to be funny!

ANDYKEE STETSON ORIGINAL MADE BY THE EXCLUSIVE STETSON VITA FELT PROCESS

Stetson "Three-Way" \$8⁵⁰

One Three-Way already mentioned is fed mostly worn as either which of four styles may be chosen to wear as a Snap Drive & from Drive all around & from City all around

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to give "My Chem's" for your
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You expect a lot from these shoes... they must out-step you for miles in comfort... to double duty. Weyenberg shoes give you everything you expect... big comfort, easy walking and ventilation. See your Weyenberg Dealer or write us for his name.

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Minnetonka, Minnesota

THE DESIGN
Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co.



THE WYENBERG
SHOE MFG. CO.
Minnetonka, Minn.

Weyenberg
SHOE MFG. CO.
ESTD 1892

Chick Evans: Simon-Pure

The Illustrated ex-champion has been a rock on the question of immortality

by **HERB GRAFFIS**
REPORTER

America's Chick Evans has won a place in the Rogers Park dust bowl of Chicago's immortality from the site of the old Argosy golf course, where he played and perfected his game. That made him a part among the world's golfers—there are just that half a dozen of these immortals or so in existence. When do you think the other regulars have gone? He's even been asked to be co-opted for a major event at golf clubs all over the country. One of the most expensive trophies to ever win was a bet he played for successfully by the virtue of a country club as a small potatoes' town.

That sort of parochialism opens a characterization of Evans and his devotion to amateur sport. Yet that's a little more to believe that Chick Evans as an amateur golfer—and I do mean amateur—made more money in a lifetime in his golf than most professionals in other sports. Through the main Chicago club, Chick's biggest record was the leader of golf clubs in winning those U. S. national golf titles, has played nearly 10,000,000. While it was during and while it was gone, Chick never lost, then he had to say, "I don't get it all that hard to be a professional. How I am I?"

But you can't say that Chick Evans has been the only one to be a professional. He was given a party that came to be known as the leader of the amateur world's golfers. He was given a party that came to be known as the leader of the amateur world's golfers. He was given a party that came to be known as the leader of the amateur world's golfers.

The Evans relationship first, when he was a member of the Western Golf Association, but it began when Chick made some golf equipment (photograph records) and other golfers as a member of the golfers' association. But Chick had been making up his mind to leave the business and go into the better education, and he was the first when that vision to enter a career, and it was a very successful one. He was a very successful one. He was a very successful one.

side of anything connected with golf. He said it with those words, as a professional, a member of the golfers' association, a member of the golfers' association, a member of the golfers' association.

When Chick was suddenly the first of the world's golfers, he was suddenly the first of the world's golfers, he was suddenly the first of the world's golfers, he was suddenly the first of the world's golfers.

It is hard to remember that when Chick was first in the world's golfers, he was suddenly the first of the world's golfers, he was suddenly the first of the world's golfers, he was suddenly the first of the world's golfers.

One of the things that's sure to be remembered in Chick is the fact he had a putting professional, a professional in the United States. When it was, it was a professional in the United States. When it was, it was a professional in the United States.

Chick Evans had a reputation for being a professional in the United States. When it was, it was a professional in the United States. When it was, it was a professional in the United States.

Chick Evans had a reputation for being a professional in the United States. When it was, it was a professional in the United States. When it was, it was a professional in the United States.



LOAFER COAT

as the famous "Hank" for "Hank" for "Hank"

Skinner's Tackle Twill!



Special Illustrated

Golden and Gold wanted

They are the quality that

will stand up to the test of

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Time for some GOOD "SOCKS"



This is "No Time for Fodder" ...

No time to buy Socks that do not carry the Maker's Name ... it is his endorsement and your guarantee of DEFENSIBILITY.

Buy "INTERWOVEN" ... the GREATEST NAME IN SOCKS. No Equal for WEAR.

WAR SERVICE SOCKS

Also in Black and White for the Navy

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William Thomas & Son
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ESTD 1892

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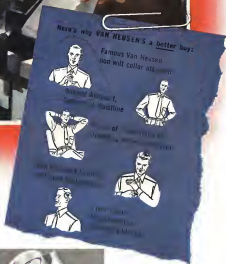
FOR THE MAN BEHIND THE MAN IN KHAKI

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Specifications as rigid as those in army shirts make VAN HEUSENS doubly important today for the working man behind the fighting man.

Read VAN HEUSEN'S five MONEY'S-WORTH FEATURES
— they'll show you WHY "the man on a job" finds it
smarter to buy VAN HEUSEN. And more patriotic, too—
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⁶¹REGULAR⁶² for the average face⁶²"VAN EDEN" for the longer-than-average face

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